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## Dirty Deeds Done Dirt Cheap



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### Chapter 1 by Dovalord

I sat in my car, the tinted windows blocking my face from the world. I prefer it that way. My trimmed hair sways in the air conditioned wind. The street outside was full of people, but they weren't my interest. My interest was the apartment building across the street. Room 22D, 22nd floor. Target was a white male, average height. Man wanted dead on suspicion of adultery. My client was paying generously for this. A whole \$50, to be exact. Paid to the account of Dean Graham. Yes, that's me. I usually work as a desk jockey, working at a dead-end job that doesn't give two shits about its employees, except if you bring in the big bucks. But, I get most of my money as a killer for hire. Cyanide was on the menu tonight. Complimentary with every drink. Price: death.

Exiting the car and into the cool night air, I turn up my collar and walk into the building. The capsule was in my chest pocket. Mustn't break it prematurely. Wouldn't want my face splashed over the 9:00 news. Would be tragic. Taking the stairs was longer, but it made the thrill all that more worth it. Finally arriving after the 21 flights of stairs, I stand in front of the door. Knocking. I wait. Finally, the door opens. As soon as I see his face, I barge into the door. Man doesn't use a chain. Too trusting. Knocking him to the ground, I carefully close the door. Wouldn't want to

raise suspicions during my work.

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"What do you want with me?" He asked, stepping away from me. His nose was beginning to bleed. Damn. More work.

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"Oliver Gray," I say coolly "You are hereby declared adulterer. Any defense?" I ask, pulling out the capsule of cyanide.

"What are you talking about?" He asked. Why do they always play dumb?

"You've been having an affair with a married woman. You must face the consequences." I unstopped the capsule.

"No I haven't!" He protested.

"Yes you have." Capping the capsule, I ran to him. Quickly getting him in a choke hold, I wrestled him to the ground. I uncapped the capsule. Throwing him to the ground, I quickly prepared a glass of water. Pouring in the cyanide, I force-fed him the water. He quickly began to choke on the poison, white foam forming around his mouth. He began to convulse. His body stopped twitching quickly, and I dropped him. Placing his fingers all over the capsule and glass, I propped him up on his kitchen table, the capsule and glass placed convincingly. I calmly walked out the door, and to the elevator. Slow as the ride down was, it gave me time to think over my mistakes. Broken capillaries in the nose caused him to bleed. Could be taken as a reaction to the poison. But I also got fibers on his neck. No matter, they were similar to his own. Not quite, but too small a discrepancy.

As I arrived in the lobby, I noticed a sign for rent. Wanted every two weeks. It was due tomorrow. My client will be glad to hear it. Walking out to my black car, I stepped in, and started it up. The drive home from any contract was always a small thrill. Risk of getting caught was rampant in my line of work, and killers for hire aren't exactly exempt from the police, no matter the intentions. Whatever clients come my way, we exchange emails. The experience I have from work is used for keeping my account from being monitored by the corporation behind it. Makes it easier.

I define my terms. No innocents. Only criminals and those who have done wrong but have not been caught. Most agree with them. Others try to stretch my words and are quickly turned

down. It's a jungle out here and I'm no animal. Pay is good. Average is around \$30-\$40. I get the rare \$50. By rare, I mean tonight. I didn't specify any particular method, or how it should look. I just wanted him to be in my room in its irritating position. I don't think myself as a high-end assassin. I've seen those people. They

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make mistakes. Bad ones. I remain as humble as I can. Try to be thorough. No calling cards. Just increases the sentence.

Arriving at my apartment building, I park my car, and calmly walked inside. Looking at my watch, I see that it's far past 10 o'clock. Damn. Gotta contact the client. Clean up. Get ready for work. The daily grind begins. I hate Mondays.

## Chapter 2 by Dovalord



I expect you to be wondering how I, a regular face in the crowd, became what I am now. Well, I prefer no to dwell on it, but since you're here, I'll indulge you. I was a white shirt sitting in front of a desk, answering to every beck and call for how to fix technical problems. I still do that. The ignorance of the helpless made it worse. I always wondered how they got to where they were. Money. Corruption. Favoritism. Three characteristics that made me want to disown the company I worked for. It made me sick. But one day, I was contacted by an anonymous person simply going by the name of "M". S/he told me that I could get a release, a change. An escape. It had my curiosity. I allowed him/her to indulge me how. The response was a question. A question concerning a commandment. Specifically, "Thou shalt not kill.". Grabbing my curiosity further, I asked him to specify.

What does that mean to you, the email read.

I answered that we shouldn't kill because it was against the moral code. Waiting, I finally got the response.

'Do you think the terms and conditions can be stretched?'

I had never thought of that. I asked him/her to delve me further in. But no reply for several hours. Finally, upon arriving home after an exhausting day, a new email came.

'Can 'Not Killing" be taken as "Not killing without cause"?''

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met him in the dark. He didn't show his face, and kept his collar up. I asked him how he knew me. His response still has an effect on me today.

"You've been chosen by the Order."

I asked him, but he refused to answer. Instead, he handed me a flashdrive. After brief instructions, he ran off, leaving me confused. I came through the door, and plugged in the USB. There was one file. Opening it revealed two files. One was labeled 'For Dean'. The other, 'Instructions'. I opened the Dean file. A single document revealed what the 'Order' wanted of me. Organization of hit-men. I was chosen. I felt a cold feeling opening the other folder. Instructions on how to execute the operations given. Refusing to partake was to choose death. No formal meetings were to ever be arranged. All contact was either through a restricted number or a secure network protected by high security measures. One instruction was to remain in good condition. They suggested following your own morals, and to stay that way. Follow the client's instructions. Be efficient. Be swift. Be clean.

I entered wonderland, the white rabbit still out of my reach.

A few days later, I received a package in the mail. A large one. No return address. In it, was an assortment of tools. From knives, to piano wire, to leather gloves. A paper inside read 'You know what to do. You'll receive more.' -M. I was to wait when I was off work. A few days later, I was assigned my first contract. A man who was drunk driving had killed my client's son. The one responsible walked clean. Pay was \$38. Better than a days pay at work. I accepted. M got back to me. 'Be clean about it. No contact of clothes. Make it textbook clean murder' -M. My mind stuck at 'murder'. Was I really about to do this? This was a path I couldn't come back from. The rabbit hole isn't a two way entrance.

Later that night, my target was enjoying some whiskey outside, probably celebrating his freedom. I felt a deep rage rise up through my chest, and all doubt left my mind. He was alone, middle of the night. Ideal. I crept up to him, and with a swift flick of the wrist, severed his jugular, the warm blood spouting out in a brilliant fountain. He choked, losing whatever breath he had

left. Staggering to the ground, he dropped his glass, shattering on the ground. My hand held a tight grip on the handle of the knife. All evidence that it was me was nonexistent.

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I had slain my jabberwocky.

Rushing home, I felt a sensation unlike any other. It was calm. A calm I had not felt for a long time.

This is my life now.

Now, it has been many months since then, and many contracts to my resume. Rarely is a killing repeated. Makes it interesting. Good money in it. Work seems like a bore compared to it. Monday drag makes the day even worse. All the people groggy, working off whatever hangover they inflicted on themselves. But it matters little what they suffer. I have done much more than they can even dream of doing. And now, this is how I live. Making money on the wrongdoings of the people.

They deserve what I do.

I sit at my desk, bored and waiting for some poor sap to ask for help. The rest of the people shuffle in, like sheep to the slaughter. If only they knew what I did, they'd be in for the shock of their insignificant little lives.

### Chapter 3 by Glowpy-Druglord



A loud slap on my desk alerted me of yet another job. When I turned to see who else wanted my help, I was more than startled to see a torn up woman with almost glowing electric blue eyes. Tattoos covered her rather slender arm and the most distinct symbol I noticed was a gearhead military symbol. As I began to scan her some more, I realized this woman has seen war, but not as a soldier in the military. Her cheeks were gray brown from dirt, three jagged scars on each of her cheeks. Burn marks were scorched across the soft flesh of her neck, her ragged faded blonde hair up in a messy bun. A black cord necklace was hanging from her neck with a gear looped through it, it must had been important to her. She was a mechanic, better off, an inventor.

"I got a job," she growled, her voice rather gravely. "Just for you." She twisted the folder around and slid it towards me. I grabbed it with dull interest, noticing how thick it was.

"Of course you do," I grunted. "Well, see more of Story Wars

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her right hand, the bones bulged against the skin as if they didn't fit inside of the skin. The skin of one of her fingers was peeled away enough for me to see the metal. "Titanium and iron bones. That's not important."

"Bone degradation?" I asked, slowly blinking.

"Had it since I was a child," she bitterly hissed at me. "Listen to me. There is a certain inventor who has committed attempted murder. He has tried to murder me many times, and I want you take care of him. In this folder is all of his information. He has committed other crimes, but I preferred if you read them yourself."

I opened the folders, grimacing at the extensive list of crimes. I then looked at her neck, there was a scar that looked like it was made by a nine inch knife. She was telling the truth. She wanted justice, and badly.

"Do you know any of his victims?" I questioned.

She snarled, her metal plated fingers denting my desk. "They were mostly all done to me."

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